



CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. 6 • NO. 15 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • APRIL 9, 1937 5 CENTS



OUR EASTER LINOLEUM IS SUBJECT OF INTEREST

Speaking of embarrassing situations, our young friend who owns half the opposition walked into a nice one the other day. With that loud and characteristic omniscience which is his, he picked up an Easter issue of THE CYMBAL in a shop over the hill last week. In his normal tones he declared to all and sundry present: "What a nerve these CYMBAL guys have got, trying to make people believe this is a linoleum block. Anybody with any sense can see that that's no linoleum block."

But among all and sundry, at the time somewhat hidden behind a screen, was a quiet, unassuming person who does less with his mouth than he does with his mind and hands. This time, however, he did plenty with his mouth. He walked out into the presence of our young loud-speaker and remarked calmly: "It so happens that I cut that linoleum block."

This was the point for bigger and heavier and redder corpuscles to rush forward to close formation just inside the outer skin. They did. But, still blustering: "Well, THE CYMBAL didn't make that print from the block. They must have photographed the block and made a plate from it."

Again calmly: "I can't say definitely as to that," replied Ben Schaffer, "but I don't believe they did."

Of course, we didn't. In the shop recently vacated by Macbeth on Ocean avenue near the post office, we have displayed the linoleum block, designed and cut by Schaffer, and the single tool with which he cut it. The genius that moved the tool we can't display—Ben Schaffer carries that around with him.

SOMETHING BY MR. BURGE, SOMETHING ABOUT HIM AND OTHER PERSONS

Following publication in THE CYMBAL last week of the well-founded report that Joseph R. Burge, member of the city council, plans to move his permanent residence from Carmel and of necessity resign as a councilman, we received a call from Mr. Burge. We knew that we would.

Following is a statement made to us by Burge and which we said we would willingly print without comment. We do.

"What was printed in THE CYMBAL last week in regard to my having interests elsewhere and that I am going to resign from the city council is an assumption, based purely on hearsay. My interests are only in Carmel and I intend to remain here. I have no intention of resigning from the city council. No little one-horse newspaper can drive me out."

There she stands. No comment. But to other remarks of Burge during the aforesaid conversation we did not promise and we do not grant immunity.

For instance, among other remarks of the councilman, considerably and, we will admit, justifiably heated, he said:

"One week you razz Rowntree, (Continued on Page Two)

MABEL LUHAN

By LYNDA SARGENT

The voice inside the trailer was friendly and a quite beautiful voice. The voice of a distinguished and rather astonishingly lovely lady—Mrs. Mabel Dodge Luhan. She asked us in and made sure we were comfortable and told us eagerly about the trailer.

"It carries twenty gallons of water so we can get right away from water supplies—in Mexico, for instance. And out on the Indian reservations when the only other sleeping arrangements are tents, which I don't like."

She and Tony are quite enthusiastic about the new gadget—shiny and compact and comfortable. Sinks and stoves and refrigerators come popping out of desks and tables in a most amazing way. But the most amazing thing is the quiet-voiced lady, whose enthusiasm for Carmel, for the Jefferies, for trailers and Taos and life's vast temerities, comes over the ether not only through the vitality of her vocal organs but out of some deeper vitality, which is the gift of only the few.

She let us into the secret of the peculiar sense of intensity she achieves in autobiography. We asked her how she got around the difficulty of recapturing in its essence an experience long past and coated over with many other experiences. "You can learn to relive life," she said. "I believe that no experience we have ever had is lost to us. And by getting away by yourself—absolutely alone for hours at a time—you will find coming back to you the peculiar flavor (Continued on Page Eight)

Steen Skonhoft Dies Suddenly

It comes as a deep shock to his host of friends and fervent admirers in Carmel to learn that Steen Skonhoft had died in a Los Angeles hospital yesterday morning.

Skonhoft was suddenly stricken with a nervous disorder on Easter day and on Monday following, his condition was such that Miss Helen Haight and Helmut Deetjen, with whom he had been living on The Point, were concerned to the point of notifying his mother, Mrs. Petra Skonhoft, of San Pedro. Mrs. Skonhoft came to Carmel and Deetjen drove her and Steen back to Los Angeles on the Wednesday following Easter. He went to a hospital immediately on his arrival in Los Angeles and died there yesterday morning.

Skonhoft was a baritone soloist of increasing note. He had recently been singing over the radio and had classes of students in Carmel and in Berkeley. He gave a concert here two years ago, shortly after his arrival in Carmel, under the management of Denny & Watrous. He was personally loved by all who knew him. He was 30 years old on his birthday a few months ago.

He recently finished the manuscript of a book, "This Love of Singing."

Loren Green, business assistant to the state director, Harle Jervis, of the Federal Music Project, is in town today to confer with Denny Denny, a supervisor of the local project.

THE THIRD ANNUAL BACH FESTIVAL EDITION OF THE CARMEL CYMBAL TO BE ISSUED ON JULY 16

What we are determined to make the most beautiful, interesting and important issue of any newspaper in Carmel's history will come off the presses of THE CARMEL CYMBAL on Friday, July 16, this year.

THE THIRD ANNUAL BACH FESTIVAL EDITION OF THE CYMBAL will be issued on that date.

It will contain a large section devoted exclusively to the BACH FESTIVAL, its originators, its participants; the story of BACH's life; the story of music in Carmel; stories of musicians who have made Carmel their home; the story of Carmel itself—in addition to the regular issue of THE CYMBAL for that week.

It will be illustrated—by art and portraits.

It will be in color.

It will be circulated far and wide throughout this country, and in countries throughout the world. It will go out as a handsome tribute to that which and to those who have fostered and kept alive in this naturally beautiful community the beauty of esthetic life.

It has the unqualified support, and will be given the unqualified

assistance of DENE DENNY and HAZEL WATROUS, who made the BACH FESTIVAL and who will have, for the third year, made it the most stirring event in the annual round of activities in Carmel.

THE CYMBAL has already drawn up tentative plans for this great edition. In cooperation with Miss DENNY and Miss WATROUS we are outlining a complete program for its content, in text and illustration. Not only those in Carmel, who have made the BACH FESTIVAL a preeminent event of the past two years, but those elsewhere who have contributed to its beauty and its success, will be asked to aid in perfecting this printed record of the thing as it is, and is to be, and of the factors that have gone and will go into the certain establishment of its permanence.

THE CYMBAL knows of no greater service it can render Carmel as a whole than to give to the world outside this abiding echo of Carmel's annual tribute to JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. We go about the task with humble appreciation of the responsibility reposing upon us. We go about it strengthened by an inspiration.

Business Men Gather at Banquet Board Tonight To Discuss Post Office Site, Airport and Parcels Post Delivery

With Florence Leidig running the entertainment part of the program and the promise of J. Shelburn Robison, the president, that there will positively be no speeches whatsoever, the Carmel Business Association will tonight gather about the festive board at Pine Inn and talk about matters of general interest to the members the while they eat an 85-cent meal, plus 3 cents tax.

It is scheduled that the business men will discuss the matter of a suitable site for a new post office building. President Robison is then expected to name a committee to go into the matter in detail and report back what it discovers and what it determines is the best place to erect a federal building in Carmel. It is reported about town that THE CYMBAL's suggestion of the Murphy mill property running be-

tween San Carlos and Mission, and between Ocean avenue and Seventh is met with favor. It is near enough to Dolores and not too far from Ocean avenue to appease the factions in both camps.

Then the business men will be presented with the proposition of aiding in the completion of the Monterey airport. It is expected that this will meet with favor and that there will be a support of the proposal to raise Carmel's share of the expenses by popular subscription.

The third matter to come before the association will be that of a parcels post delivery in the business section. There has been much talk about this recently and it is believed a petition to the government will result in an installation of this service.

LEGION OFFERS TURKEY AND DANCE FOR THREE BUCKS

Three dollars for you and the girl friend will get you into the American Legion clubhouse on the evening of April 17 where you will be given a plate of turkey and the privilege of dancing. It's to be one of those Legion Club affairs and Ruth Austin who recently married some man in town whose name we don't at the moment remember, is to stage the floor show with her dancing girls. It should be good, rapid and well worth the three bucks.

"LIBBY LEY COVERS THE COUNCIL" ON PAGE 3

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT THE OLD FOLKS SAY

It looks like rain; that is, it has for some time looked like rain. Glance at the record: At 4 a. m. yesterday morning, noted by personal observation, the total precipitation for Carmel for the season was 27.42 inches. This is as against a total of 19.44 inches to the same date and hour last year. If you happen to be interested in the Big Sur rainfall (God knows why you should) it was 39 inches at the same hour and minute for the season as against 27.75 last year. And under the banyan tree just south by west of the main door of the Del Monte Hotel it was 22.57 for this season so far, as against 13.80 last year. John Keats wrote "Ode to a Grecian Urn".

COUNCIL NAMES POLICEMAN TO TAKE PLACE OF GUTH

Meet Mr. Douglas A. Rogers of Pacific Grove.

Beginning Monday he is to take care of Carmel's elderly ladies.

That, at least, was the explanation of the necessity for his appointment to the Carmel Police Department, as provided the sparse lobby at the meeting of the city council Wednesday night.

Mr. Rogers, being 23 years old, according to his own report, six feet, two inches in height, and weighing 190 pounds is, at present, Officer No. 1 in the Pacific Grove Police Department, but by unanimous vote of the Carmel city council he becomes on Monday morning Officer No. 3 of the Carmel department at a salary of \$150 a month, minus 10 per cent, and \$15 for maintenance of his automobile. If you are fast on your Burroughs that's \$150 a month, the ten per cent to the contrary notwithstanding.

It was at first advanced by Councilman Burge, commissioner of police, that the need to fill the position vacated by Charles Guth, who goes to the fire department, is occasioned by the influx of young people during the summer vacation period. This stood for a while until Mrs. Ross Miller, scribe, in the lobby, advanced the theory that elderly ladies in town were much safer with a four-man police department than with a three. She declared certain elderly ladies of her acquaintance had informed her that four policemen as against three meant just the margin of additional safety they needed in order to drift off to sleep with perfect confidence that they would awake safely in the morning. This was accepted silently by the council as a good point.

When the factious and quite undesirable Bennett, scribe, in the lobby, vouchsafed: "So it's the elderly ladies and not the callow vacationists who need the fourth 150-pounder on the police force," Mr. Burge replied, with that quiet dignity so characteristic of him: "I don't care to discuss that question."

Mrs. R. H. Bramer, after making a fruitless speech against an additional policeman, slid one nicely over the plate on the subject of D. E. Nixon who is now being paid by the business men to watch their stores at night because the council

(Continued on Page Eight)

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bonafide paid circulation of THE CYMBAL last week (issue of April 2, 1937) was as follows:

PAID SUBSCRIBERS

Carmel District.....	357
Outside Carmel District.....	114
Newstand Sales.....	127
Total.....	598

Gain over previous week . . . 19

(You may be interested in knowing that in Carmel only THE CYMBAL publishes weekly a circulation statement. There's a very good reason why only THE CYMBAL does.)

the next week you razz me, the next Mayor Smith. The only reason why you don't razz Jim Thoburn is because he gives you job printing."

Whereupon, we dug out the old ledger and this we discovered about Jim Thoburn and his job printing. That, since the organization of the CARMEL PRESS up to and including the very minute we hit the keyboard of our Royal portable on this sentence in which we are involved, Jim Thoburn's business with us totals exactly \$9.99. Yep, that's the total—\$9.99, all gasoline and other taxes included. And this \$9.99 happened all in a bunch, at one and the same time, on one day in April, 1935—just two years ago.

In addition, let us note that since the reincarnation of THE CYMBAL Jim Thoburn, although several times approached in the matter, has not given us one single, solitary line of advertising. He did, however, on December 16, 1936, hand us a lousy quarter, similar to one extracted from Byington Ford, for a subscription to THE CYMBAL.

In other words, Jim Thoburn holds up as protection against the slings and arrows of our outrageous typewriter just \$10.24. That's not enough—not nearly enough to turn aside any aharpnel we might be inclined to slither his way.

But there is a protection that Jim Thoburn has against adverse criticism from THE CYMBAL. It's a protection that Joe Burge has neither the good sense nor the wit to build up around himself. It is that as representatives of the people in city council assembled go, Jim Thoburn is good. He is a conscientious man, an independent man, an honest man, and, referring back to the Burge shortcomings, a well-balanced and clear-thinking man. He doesn't go off into tangents and he doesn't quibble. He doesn't try to carry on the city's business behind whispers and closed doors, and he believes the people who elected him to office have a right to know at any and all times what he is doing as their representative.

If you ask him a question, he answers it. If you walked in to Jim Thoburn and asked: "Jim, back in 1916 did you assume control of the property of a widow with nineteen children and did you either intentionally or through misjudgment rob her of everything she had?" he would probably swallow quickly, but, if he had done that, he'd say: "Yes, I did."

Jim Thoburn doesn't think that by being elected to the city council he retains to himself thereby a standing above the citizens who elected him. He doesn't think he is so all-fired important that he can high-hat and talk down to people—even people as lowly as newspaper people.

In his deliberations and decisions in legislative matters on the council he doesn't vote for or against a thing because some other councilman voted for or against it. He acts on his own judgment, while at the same time he endeavors intelligently to win others over to his way of thinking.

The reason why Jim Thoburn isn't "razzed" by THE CYMBAL is that THE CYMBAL hasn't found, in the interests of the people of Carmel, anything to razz him about. When it does his \$10.24 protection will be just so much tissue paper.

For Councilman Clara Kellogg THE CYMBAL feels much the same way. We don't agree with her many times, but we know that she is sincere and that she is endeavoring to give to Carmel intelligent and sympathetic service. We believe that in the main she does so.

As for Mayor Smith, we believe that he also is rendering good service to the city of Carmel. We don't agree with him, either, in some things, but we give him credit for conscientious effort. But we are inclined to fear he lacks the independence of thought and action that is desirable in a city councilman. That, however, is something that can be acquired and strengthened with time.

As for Burge and Bernard Rowntree, we believe their troubles are pathological. There isn't much to be expected from either of them. We believe that it was a mistake that either of them was elected to the city council. We believe the city would be better off if neither were on that council.

newspaper has a right to hold and That is an opinion that any a right to express. It involves no moral turpitude in its criticism of either of them. They are both public officials and as such cannot claim immunity from criticism by the public press for their acts as public officials.

As for our printed report of Burge's possible retirement from the Carmel horizon and his resignation as city councilman as a contingent thereof, that is entirely in the province of Journalism, as is also his denial of that report.

And if you think that we can dish it out but can't take it, we would refer you to the files of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin and the Honolulu Advertiser in 1924 when the editor of THE CYMBAL was a member of the board of supervisors of that city and county. He didn't get weekly buffets from those newspapers, he got daily daggers, with poison on the tips of them. To those newspapers he was public enemy Nos. 1, 2, and 3. The only satisfaction to him was that 8,032 voters of Honolulu thought he was good.

What's your score, Mr. Burge? —W. K. B.

Boys Punt Five Miles on River

You can't hold these Carmel youngsters down. We got so excited about this news item that we wanted to go right out and try it ourselves. You see, Paul Warrington and Franklin Hayford had apparently heard just about enough of this discussion about what to do with our nimble-witted youth and they took the matter in their own hands and devised the most wonderful sport to come out of the books in a long time. You know the Carmel River . . . have you seen it lately? A nice little, mad torrent with rapids and lots of foam and swish. That was just meat for Franklin and Paul. Last Sunday they took a punt with them way up to Moore's Gate and punted for five miles down the river. It took them just an hour and they had to bail out several times, but oh what fun!

This Sunday they are going to top their own record and start from the Farm Center up the Valley, which is a 20-mile run. Besides the punt they are going to drag a surf board and take turns riding it.

Hook and Eye Club Coming Down

You know the Hook and Eye Club? Well, it's coming down here tonight and stay over Sunday. It's partly coming to Carmel, partly going to Pebble Beach and partly camping out in Carl Stanley's little auto camp, somewhat broadly known as Hotel Del Monte.

But this Hook and Eye Club is quite a club—quite a club outside its name. The members are not dressmakers, decidedly not! For a

WHITE CAPS

ON THE RADIO WAVES

KGO—This morning at 11 o'clock. Walter Damrosch Music Appreciation program.

KSFO—This evening at 7 o'clock. Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.

KSFO—Tomorrow morning at 8:30 o'clock. Cincinnati Conservatory.

KPO—Tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. Abram Chasins, pianist.

KPO—Tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock. The Metropolitan Opera from Boston. "Hänsel und Gretel" and "Cavalleria Rusticana".

KFRC—Tomorrow evening at 6:15 o'clock. Chicago Symphony.

KGO—Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Magic Key program.

KSFO—Sunday at noon. New York Philharmonic, Rodzinski conducting a group of modern compositions, including Hunneger. Scola Cantorum directed by Hugh Ross.

KGO—Sunday at 5 o'clock. General Motors Promenade Program.

KGO—Tuesday morning at 10:45 o'clock. Rochester Civic Orchestra.

KGO—Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. Music of the Masters. Alfred Frankenstein's selection of unusual and rare records.

KPO—Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock. Music Guild.

KGO—Thursday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock. Rochester Civic Orchestra.

KGO—Thursday afternoon at 5:45 o'clock. Boston Symphony.

KPO—Thursday evening at 8:15. Standard Symphony Hour. Los Angeles Orchestra.

needle and thread they substitute a stick with a bent end and little hardrubber ball. They dillydally about greens and trudge along fairways. They are demons for punishment in the hottest of suns or the downpouringest rain.

They came to be known as the Hook and Eye Club because several of their present members, back in 1928 during the alcohol drought, were wont to be heard mumbling repeatedly: "WhocanI get a drink from?"

In fact, it was the first Calcutta pool, at the National Golf Tournament at Pebble Beach in 1928 that got them started, in name, financial methods and general activities.

They maintain themselves without dues and without assessments and have all kinds of money, because they come down here every year or so, hold a Calcutta pool, take half the pool money for maintenance and upkeep and then go on their way with enough funds to last them a year or two.

THERE'S NO DRINK WE CAN'T MIX...

J E S S 'S

and none we mix you won't like

424 Alvarado Street Elk's Building in Uptown Monterey

Carmel Grocery Stores Appear To Be Fecund and Somewhat Nervous

You'll have to be chasing your carrots around in divers places pretty soon if you want to keep up with all the activities afloat for Carmel grocery stores. Don't tell us there are going to be more of them? We ARE telling you there are going to be more of them.

Taking the thing chronologically or geographically or something, the present grocery store handicap has the following entries, past performances, probable winners and, we might add, that the track will be muddy. The horse with the ability to go heavy should win.

Ewig's has renewed its lease on the present stand—for six years—and plans to re-do the front of the store.

Decker of the present Purity would like to get a lease on Ewig's property which was just recently occupied by Macbeth's—you know, up near the post office where TIM CYMBAL has been displaying its swell linoleum cut, for the edification of Ranny Cockburn and the interest of the populace generally. But he (Decker) probably won't get it. You can't figure Ewig providing a place for a rival to his own cabbages, pickled beets and Gold Medal flour.

Escondido's sign is soon to come down and somebody, not Johnny Weigold or Freddy Ammerman, but another clerk in the present store, will probably take it over.

The Quality Meat Market man and a grocery store mechanic of some name will get together in an establishment in the new Fred and Clara Leidig building. (Why not name that building The Fred and Clara—an ideal!)

Florence Leidig (the extent and

scope and widespread activities of these Leidigs sort of get us down—you know how it is—in every town there is one prevailing name. Like in Philadelphia it's Biddle, Detroit it's Palmer and in Carmel it's Leidig.) Florence Leidig, as we were saying, has to get out of where she is before so awfully long and she's about decided as to where—the Curtis building, just half a block from where she is now.

That will seem sort of confining for Florence, but it should serve her well. It's a good location. It's too bad about the disappearance of Curtis' and Delos and his cap, but what can you do with a beast like Commercialism. It do crawl along, swallowing everything in its path.

Then the Purity goes into the Wermuth building, to spread out like a field of asparagus. They can hold a dance in there occasionally, festooning themselves with spaghetti.

+ + +

Mrs. Nanette Hall has arrived from Salt Lake City to make her home in Carmel. Mrs. Hall has taken one of the Rose cottages on Palou street.

DAILY
MILK DELIVERY
CALL CARMEL 700
Prompt, Efficient,
Courteous Service
Mc DONALD DAIRY
Gene Ricketts is the Sole Owner

FINE PICTURE FRAMING IS AN ART

Supervision by Myron Oliver together with an expert framer from San Francisco insures best service

We guarantee your satisfaction and our prices are right

OLIVER'S
OPPOSITE CUSTOM HOUSE
120 Main Street • Monterey

YOU HAVE TO SCRATCH ITS BACK IF YOU WANT IT TO PURR WITH FLOWERS

We have the rakes, cultivators, hoes, and hose . . . lawn mowers, clippers, pruning shears, and everything

WE HAVE THE SEEDS

BONHAM'S
INC.
Hardware
OCEAN AVENUE NEAR
SAN CARLOS

The Carmel Cymbal

Henrietta Shore Exhibit Opens Eyes of Many

"And above all, don't miss Henrietta Shore's exhibit at Lial's Studio in Monterey." Overhearing this advice to a visitor I thought I had better go myself and see what it was all about, since I had always admired Shore's work and wondered why it was not more widely acclaimed.

Against the cool white walls of Margaret Lial's studio, the pictures are placed to perfection. The four great murals, destined for the Santa Cruz Post Office, hang in one room, and the lobby and the sun room contain the smaller ones. To anyone tired of the mediocre, I would say "Go and see those paintings." Stand before the "Rock Quarry" and marvel at the subtle strength of coloring; amethyst, earth-fawn, clay-cream, vermilion; then note the pure clean outlines—mass against mass, tone vibrating against tone, each form proclaiming not itself but its neighbors.

The purple-ash of the fisherman mural contrasted with a clear sky-water space, the boat lying also under the spell of the light laid delicately upon it, is an amazing example of integrated form and color. The emerald to viridian of the artichoke field flames through the whole gamut of greenness. Stand before such a picture for a while and you will really experience green. You will know it from the first earth-green of the seed to the brilliance of the rare green flame that occasionally graces your evening fire.

Among the smaller pictures, the Datura with its restraint of color and luxury of curve and swinging line proclaims two moods—expressed by Shore's profound insight, in two different aspects of the picture: its austerity of tone revealing surprisingly its voluptuousness of form.

The great cactus which dominates the end of the room is surely the very essence of the monstrous and grotesque! No one paints cactus as Shore does. She seems to sense it from the inside, and for all its unwieldy mass, it is living—a vital growing creature, self-assertive and ugly-beautiful.

No description of this work will give the real experience. Go over and see it and perhaps you will agree that we have among us a painter whose work bears the stamp of greatness.

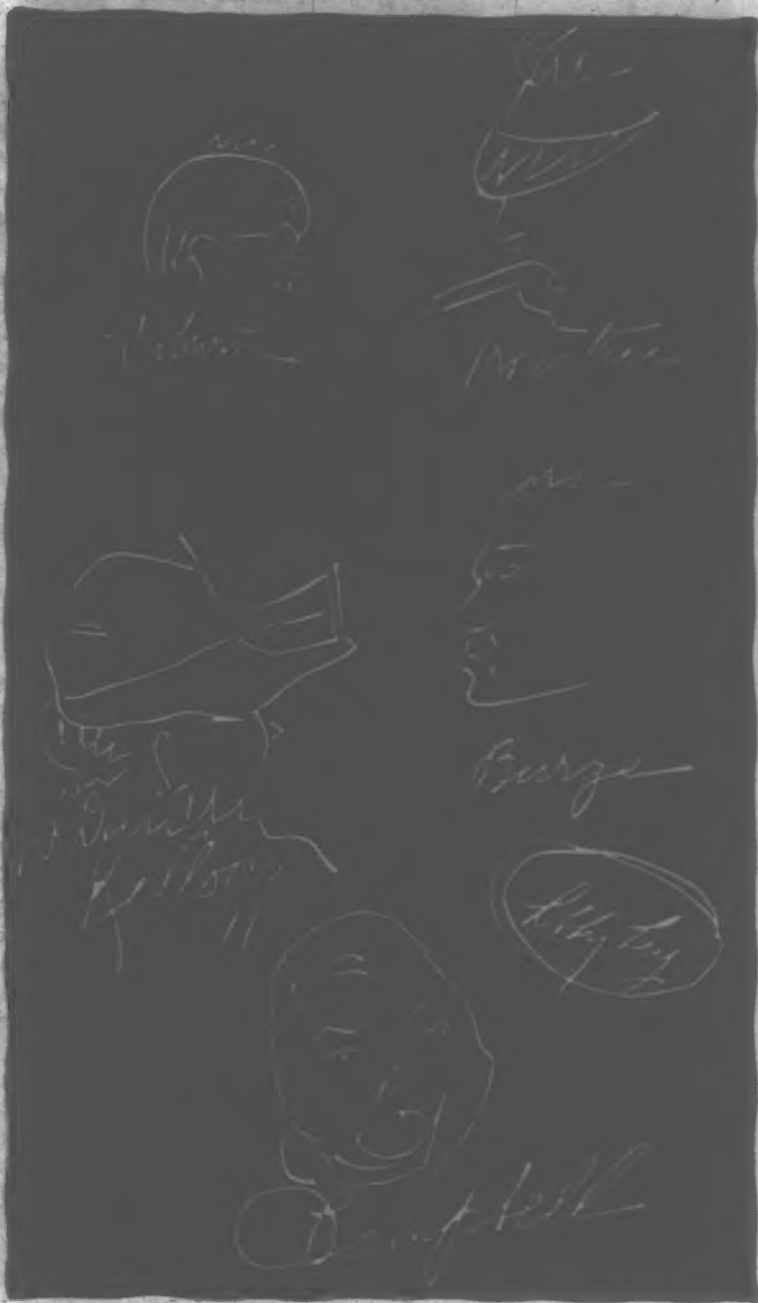
Henrietta Shore was born in Toronto, Canada, and has studied in New York, London and Holland. She was a pupil of Robert Henri and was one of twenty-five artists chosen to represent American art in Paris. She has won many honors in this country and in others. Her famous lithographs are represented in the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., the Fine Arts Gallery, San Diego, the National Gallery of Ottawa, Canada, etc.

But what is more important to us is that she is here, living in Carmel, working hard and constantly, and that we will some day be proud to have recognized her worth.

—DORA HAGEMBYER

Sue Chapman of Carmel and Jeanie Weill of Monterey entertained a group of chaperones recently at a barbecue supper at the Weill home on Cass street in Monterey. The guests included Camille Burnham, Jane Millis, Nancy Weill just returned from a trip to Manila, Ted Yates, Markham Johnson, Spencer Yates, Spencer Kern, Adlington Cady and George Wishart. After the supper the group continued on to a theater party in Carmel.

Libby Ley Limns and Covers Council Meeting—In Her Fashion



A Linoleum by Libby Ley—her own little self.

We had the extreme pleasure, or should we say the honor, of covering the council meeting with our inimitable editor Wednesday evening. We wish to say, not to vindicate, but simply explain, what may appear to be our subsequent shortcomings, that having been gently and conventionally reared, this was our first experience in covering council meetings, members, or practically anything.

Mr. Bassett began by carefully pointing out the various members of the council whom we found time to sketch in a very casual and unorthodox style.

Councilman Burge had been granted six weeks' leave of absence, but had apparently been unable to tear himself away from his impressive civic duties. Councilman Rowntree appeared to be staggering not only under the weight of his responsibilities, but also that of a gigantic spotlight which he sees fit to bring with him to meetings of this kind. Undoubtedly its purpose is to help him in his search for an honest man. But, like his great historic prototype, Diogenes, he encounters such difficulties in his quest that he despairingly turns the great orb constantly on himself.

The first question before the august body is that of a eucalyptus tree to be removed from the estate of one Mrs. Blanchard. Our valiant Chief Norton is sent forth, well armed in his Sam Brown belt and 23 blank cartridges to locate same, but returns shortly and alone, as the tree seems to have made a getaway disguised as a small, blonde girl, in dark glasses and a long grey beard. As Joyce Kilmer so aptly remarked only God—

Councilman Kellogg is much distressed about the underpass to Sunset School. There is no telling what might therein ensue!

There are several requests by people wishing to erect signs and Councilman Burge, ever the es-

thete, takes occasion to "thank heaven" that no Neon signs mar the rustic charm of Carmel.

Camilla Daniels will pay \$5 to remove tree and will care for young of same. Very touching, we call it.

Mrs. Leidig wants to buy the fire house, site and equipment, hoses and all, we gathered, for \$40, which offer is accepted. Forty dollars is \$40, opines Councilman Rowntree with characteristic sagacity.

The next question is that of a public 'phone at the foot of Ocean avenue. Councilwoman Kellogg wants a "pretty building", the stalwart Norton suggests it could well be incorporated in the "rest room", an inelegant economy, think we, but say nothing. The motion is passed. The 'phone will be in plain view on the sand dunes. Not "in the circle", as previously suggested, because Councilman Burge complains that the lively and generally deplorable summer element is much given to knocking down any such obstructions.

Councilman Burge assumes his most fear-inspiring tones and tells Norton that all liquor stores and bars must close at midnight. "What is the meaning of 'closing'?" our intrepid chief brightly inquires. "Live up to the letter of the ordinance," says Burge.

Next Thornburn challenges everyone to say something about the police. Burge explains that due to "heavy week-ends", it is necessary

always to have an officer on the streets "day and night", and that he thinks it very remarkable indeed that his force has managed to make so many dramatic arrests with only three officers on the force.

"Norton is discussed, I am cussed," Burge also remarks, but implies that these imprecations are heaped upon his head only in dens of deepest iniquity and over most evil and alcoholic beverages. He also says that his police play no favorites but "take rich men home as well as poor" and that the sleep of their devoted wives is often broken by people calling in at all hours of the night to complain of "prowlers".

This martyrdom could only be averted by having someone to answer the police 'phone at all times and to have a special officer to protect "elderly ladies", with whom Mrs. Miller of the Pine Cone is particularly concerned, from "prowlers and marauders".

It is decided that one Douglas A. Rogers, who describes himself as twenty-five years old, six feet, two inches tall, and weighing 190 lbs., be assigned to take care of the elderly ladies.

Seems to us we have a few gray hairs ourselves. And is that a marauder or just Chief Norton under the bed?

Our friend, Argyll Campbell, sums up the whole meeting. "No matter how hard you poked it, it's still abalone," says he.

—LIBBY LEY


The Douglas Schools will send six of their best tennis players to the Ojai Tennis Tournament. Over four hundred racket-wielders from all over the state will participate. Mary Callender is directing the intensive training now going on.

MUSIC PROJECT IS MAKING MUSIC WEEK PLANS

Much tooting and blowing and sawing is coming out of the Federal Music Project headquarters on Dolores street as the organization makes plans for the celebration of Music Week, May 3 to 10. Supervisor Dene Denny has announced daily programs which will use all three orchestras. The concert orchestra, the Tipica orchestra and the Swing band will join together in one large concert during the week and will give others in cooperation with the schools of the Peninsula. Miss Denny hopes to be able to give one outdoor program.

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Mr. and Mrs. Elstner Hilton will return to their home in Pebble Beach the middle of this month. The Hiltons have been in Johannesburg, South Africa, and are now in New York on their return trip.



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The Carmel Cymbal

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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April 9, 1937

Hollywood Glamor Is Promised For Mission Benefit

It's a far cry from a motion picture lot to the historic Carmel Mission.

Yet some of Hollywood's most glamorous girls will participate in the Hollywood Symphonic Ballet to be given at Hotel Del Monte Wednesday evening in aid of the Carmel Mission Restoration Fund.

Hollywood, too, will be the theme of the feature ballet which is a humorous satire on the unhappy lot of the "stand-in" who does all the work while the star gets all of the credit.

Aida Broadbent, premiere ballerina, will have the part of the "stand-in", and also appearing in this ballet will be Bert Prival who is noted for his phenomenal leaps on the stage.

And then, of course, there will be the chorus of glamorous girls. We almost forgot them. But we guarantee you won't after you've seen the ballet.

Tickets for the affair are selling rapidly, according to Mrs. Ray Brownell, who heads the general committee and is in charge of the ticket sales. Tickets may be obtained at Hotel Del Monte or at Doc Staniford's Drug Store in Carmel.

OUR BRIGHT SIX-GRADERS AND MRS. SIMPSON

It happened in the sixth grade last week. A friend of ours went in to visit the geography class with her young brother and the teacher was discussing forms of government. "What is a democracy?" he asked the class, and one young hopeful answered: "A democracy is run by a president." (Beggling the question but right enough.) Then the class was asked who ran the President. Without hesitation the answer came: "The Supreme Court."

One sixth-grade story reminds us of another sixth grader in another city who was also up with the times. This enfant terrible was listening in on an after-dinner conversation between her parents and some friends, one of whom had just told a Simpson-Windsor story. "What does it mean, father?" she asked and the parent promised to explain later. About five minutes elapsed and the group was silenced by the small child who remarked: "I believe it was during the middle of December, at the height of the Simpson affair, the children in my class at school were singing, 'Hark the herald angels sing, Mrs. Simpson stole our King.'"

Mrs. Lura Juleme Livingston of North Branch, Minnesota, is the guest of Miss Agnes Williston.

CLANGING CYMBALS

We and Mr. Walter Chrysler have, since long time now, been out scanning the dawn horizons and the dear vistas of dusk that we may perchance discover the sit-down strike that will definitively put an end to this business of flopping. Now that we have it, we are immeasurably astonished at ourself for not being able to auspicate whence the revelation would come. It came from Harvard—our Harvard.

Before we reveal this earth-girdling panacea to you, let us run over the strike situation, just for the record, you know. There were, at the very beginning, the 700 kids who refused to budge from their seats in a movie house until the manager, who had canceled part of the program, made it good to them. We hope this teaches all managers to carry a spare Mickey Mouse. The kids won—the manager having to turn away the crowd milling in the lobby, waiting for the evening show to begin. Then came along the little girl who got in her boss's car and sat for the \$8 he owed her. We feel she will go far. Eight dollars' worth of sitting isn't so much, at that. We sat through eleven performances of "Mourning Becomes Electra", and paid through more than our nose for so doing. Probably our favorite was the sit-down wife, who didn't do so bad, after all. She at least got to meet her husband's two other wives—the three running concurrently.

But we and Mr. Chrysler can ill restrain our joy over Mr. Hooton of Harvard, who, all this time—in that dulcet, seemly way of our Harvard men—has been advocating the one strike that will make striking, or even just plain sitting-down-for-a-spell, quite, quite out of the question. The sit-down reproductive strike.

We put it right up to you.

NOTE OF NAIVETE:

Possibly we should preface this anecdote by first declaring our love for Libby—that somewhat perplexed wench who capers and then chronicles for THE CYMBAL. Well, Janie met Libby in the Carmel Dairy and, wishing to compliment her on her drolleries in print, advanced and introduced herself. "I," she said, "am Mrs. Otto." Libby turned on Janie one of those looks she has for significant-looking females—the look of a thoroughly petrified filly in face of halter. "Oh," she said, quaking, "Do I know your husband?"

If you will pardon us a moment while we wash the good California mud from between our toes, we will tell you this story about adobe. In reverse history, it begins one day this last week while we were quietly rolling along up the Carmel Valley, supping up scenery. Out of the traditional valley silence resounded a chug, and that, we discovered, was Hans Sumpf making adobe. Adobe à la mode. Earthen bricks that bring to an end the oldest of building construction problems—that of making dwellings of the earth, for the earth and by the earth; so that neither elements nor beasts of the field, nor any save tax collectors and death can take your house away from you.

That the Tower of Babel was built of unburned—or "green"—bricks and is supposed still to be standing, and that the foundation courses of the Pyramids are said to be made of some form of compressed earth and haven't yet let the

pyramids down, have always been mysteries to builders. In England, during the Roman conquest, and at "Chan-chan" in Peru at about the Mesopotamian time, heretofore mentioned, earthen structures were common; some of them quite pretentious. But the fate that has, up to the very present—a matter of months ago—overtaken all these misguided efforts, has been the same fate we know so well in our famous old adobe around Carmel and Monterey. The incursion of water. As soon as the surface wash is cracked and water gets into the unprotected mud, your house would better have been built on sand.

Last summer Hugh Comstock—the bird who seems to be getting the worm in Carmel building—and Jack Neikirk, his good right hand, went out scouting in the San Joaquin Valley where a brand-new and waterproof adobe was being used in building. They found it. And it you know Hugh as we know Hugh, you'll know that means good.

It is far from our modest province to get technical about engineering. As a matter of fact, we must be steeped in ignorance, for it looks downright silly to us that the one ingredient they needed to finish up a stew that has been brewing on the back of the stove for all these centuries has never been thought of before—emulsified oil! Mud and straw and sunshine—sometimes horse manure and bits of broken pottery and tile—have been the eternal formula. And no combinations or re-combinations of these could keep the moisture out; nothing could keep your adobe house from crumbling in rain. And now someone comes along and pours in a little emulsified oil and stirs it up thoroughly so that it makes a thin but completely waterproof covering over practically every particle of mud—and the whole trick is turned.

Hans has a jolly little machine. You feed plain Valley dirt—something between clay and sand—into a pug mill and shovel some straw to it—exactly as you would to a hippopotamus—and pour in some water and some of this oil, an emulsified asphalt, and it goes around some troughs and comes out into moulds. These moulds slide on to an amusing little cart with pompous pneumatic tires and someone carts it away to dry in the sun for two or three weeks. That's all, absolutely.

Hugh says this material bids fair to last forever. If you have an adobe house now, it will be earthquake resistant as well as waterproof; it will be fireproof; cool in summer and warm in winter; and no termite has ever been known to bore through earth. The feature we like is that we could live in the same house—supposing it had two rooms—with a radio fiend and never have to listen either to the radio or the fiend; just quietly sport our oak and the world would be ours. And well lost, if you ask us.

Well, you'll have to excuse us now. Hugh let us have a book which says you can make your own house, so we've scraped together a tubful of mud, a fagot of hay and are at last finding a use for that bottle of emulsion some friend left in our bathroom. You might come and watch us treading away with our bare feet. We might even let you tread. But it would be a great deal more to the point—a nice ride—to go down and watch Hans. Or take a look at the two adobe houses Hugh is building for Major Coote.

Our house will probably be in the nature of a dog house, anyway.

We would like to make public reply to the perverid youth who so passionately, but without eloquence, attacked our sanity in suggesting that we in Carmel would do well to abide by some such plan of working hours as the MacDowell Colony superimposes upon its members. Our correspondent lashed out at us for wanting to regiment art—for which there may just possibly be arguments. We won't go into that. But he—claiming to be an artist—informs us that this here Carmel is a small village and that we cannot, here, selfishly close our doors to neighbors who may want "something vital that only we artists have to give them." Well, young man, we shall give you, then, free from charge, as Mr. Justice Holmes would have us, the best piece of advice we know. If you have something you think worth achieving, heed it. If you can't see your way to heeding it, take a training course to be a nurse—or keeper of a zoo.

Here it is:

"The rule of joy and the law of duty seem to me all one. I confess that altruistic and cynically selfish talk seem to me to be equally unreal. With all humility, I think 'whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might' infinitely more important than the vain attempt to love one's neighbor as oneself. If you want to hit a bird on the wing, you must have all your will in a focus. You must not be thinking about yourself and equally you must not be thinking about your neighbor; you must be living in your eye on that bird. Every achievement is a bird on the wing."

—LYNDA SARGENT

NURSES ARE HOSTESSES AT VERY NICE DANCE

It was a good dance the Monterey County Nurses Association staged last Saturday night at the American Legion Clubhouse in Carmel. Everybody who went said so and those who didn't get to go expressed their regrets after hearing about it. Allen Knight's orchestra did its stuff for the music end of things and the nurses proved their efficiency by making themselves look as good, off duty, to the healthy as to the sick while on. Those who were in charge of the entirely successful affair are Mrs. George Rector, Mrs. William Muscutt, Miss Jean Elliott, Miss Margaret Schneider and Miss Elizabeth Kynaston.

Mrs. Celia Taylor of San Francisco is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alfred Wolff. Mr. Wolff is in New York for a couple of months. We assure you—having been delightfully entertained by Mrs. Taylor—that there is no connection between these two events. A complete non sequitur.

Adams Advises School Board On Fire Risks

A detailed report on school conditions by Birney W. Adams, city inspector, was the highlight of last Tuesday's monthly school board meeting. With particular attention being paid to needed safety additions to Sunset Auditorium, Adams' survey covered electrical installations, auditorium exits, balcony chairs, auditorium truss shrinkage, automatic roof ventilation for fire prevention and other safety devices.

The board expressed a wish for a detailed account with costs to be made by Inspector Adams and Architect C. J. Ryland, who drew the plans for the school building. Ryland and Adams agreed to do so and will probably work on the report during the summer months while school is not in session. Chairman Adolph G. Hanke promised full cooperation of the trustees upon any of the recommendations which would be made.

Principal Otto Bardaron opposed the suggested underpass beneath San Carlos street. It was suggested that there be a paid police officer in charge of a picked group of student traffic officers during the rush hours.

The proposed Junipero street arterial highway project would relieve this situation a great deal but this would not solve the immediate problem for this summer. Reeve Conover, Monterey engineer, was in favor of the Junipero plan.

Plans for School Week were taken up. Because of the lack of time it was decided to discuss teachers' salaries at the next meeting along with other plans for the ensuing school year.

BYINGTON FORD TABOOS ONE OF HIS MINOR VICES

By Ford is now chewing on Connecticut tobacco. Since he had the flu he has forsworn cigarettes and to the surprise and chagrin of his visiting friends and Mission Tract purchasers he occasionally extracts what he calls a cigar from some pocket and protrudes it from his face. It's a funny sight and not at all Byington-like. If you ask him, he says it's a Havana filler, but we know it was grown in New England.

RUSSIAN PHILHARMONIC TO BE HEARD HERE APRIL 24

Sunset Auditorium will be the scene of a program to be given by the Russian Philharmonic Chorus on April 24. Carl Schulgin, director of the group, requested and received permission from the board which met Tuesday evening.

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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

THE CYMBAL's motorlogue this week takes us to San Francisco by a devious route, the route the writer took a few days ago, three-wheeling at less than 40 miles an hour throughout the entire trip.

First to Salinas, which road is too well known to describe. Thence over the San Juan grade, leaving behind the Peninsula, stretched out to seaward, a dark headland below us. Southward Gabilan Peak and in the distance El Toro. Downgrade through the lovely San Benito country to San Juan, with its quaint Mission and old adobe. The town appears a sleepy village, a backwater little touched by the gas buggy.

Onward we crept, back on to the main road to the City, taking El Camino Real to see Stanford, with its neo-Southern Pacific architecture (Thank you, Mr. Belloc!) We missed Mr. Hoover and Dr. Wilbur, but glanced from our wheel to take in the home range of Mr. Ogden Mills. Next door we stopped to see friends, but they were out.

And now we moved up to the Skyline Boulevard and, joy to tell, found the southerly breeze had lifted the haze that usually shrouds the Gulf of the Farallones. Before us stood on a golden horizon the Southeast and Northwest Farallones, respectively, and, up the coast, windy Point Reyes.

It is almost a year now since I took a small boat across that vast expanse of water with neither the Golden Gate on one hand, or the Farallones, on the other, visible, and Point Reyes only to be made out a dry, rocky headland rising from the sandy shores of Drakes Bay, on close approach.

Beneath the Skyline Boulevard is a pretty landscape also, the lake-like reservoir in which water from Hetch-Hetchy lies waiting for the cities of the San Francisco Peninsula. It lies like a dream under the clouds, surrounded by the dark hills.

Let us skip the City and go out over the New Bay Bridge. The ride is worth all of the fifty cents fare, and some are looking down on Yerba Buena Island, which they formerly passed so many times by ferry. No longer is it an unapproachable government property, although you can't go picnicking there as yet.

Turning homeward, we gave the Oakland and Alameda waterfronts a careful survey, saw there the smart Coast Guard vessels, and innumerable small craft. On through the green countryside with Mount Hamilton raising its snowy top above already snowy orchards. And so on through to Gilroy, where something happened.

As you no doubt know well enough, the speedcoops lie in wait for the motorist in Morgan Mill and Gilroy. In fact, the road there is paved with drivers' fines. Going a careful fifteen miles per hour, so slow we felt like Lindberghs waving to the populace (we did bow politely to the waiting cop), we noticed a road to the right over the Hecker Pass, and, having never gone that way, we took it.

This route took us through a picture valley. Small farms, growing fruits and grapes, lined the road, but quickly we left them behind and entered a redwood area, in which is Mount Madonna Park, a country which is more like northernmost parts of the state. Over the crest we looked once again on Monterey Bay, glaring in the sunset.

And so this loosely connected

motorlogue rambles to a close, twisting its tail off over the Watsonville road to Monterey, and up Carmel hill to home.

Barbara O'Neill, formerly of Carmel, is undergoing publicity. The wheels of the moving picture industry are grinding and a future star is reported engaged, reported denying the engagement, reported off to Tahiti, reported to perform in Nordhoff's and Hall's "Hurricane", reported to have a contract which protects her eyebrows against plucking.

Carmel is enjoying the usual early installment of summer weather. By the time summer is really here, it will be colder, however, residents who can't stand the heat will be pleased to note.

Good morning! Your morning newspaper reports on front page that navy fliers are killed, that another big airship is missing, while, on back page, foolproof flying is said to have arrived.

At last the writer has come by some graft in this job. He bet Ratzl a bottle of beer Ratzl's name was in THE CYMBAL. It was and the beer is gone. Louis is next.

Esther Anderson Entertains Club

Miss Esther Anderson entertained the Woman's Club on Monday afternoon with a group of songs programmed to a linguistic range which included representative German and French, Verdi's "O Patria Mia", three English numbers and two phrasings by Lehmer of Indian airs. After the necessity of adjusting her voice to the low ceiling of the Pine Inn assembly room, Miss Anderson got on delightfully, exhibiting a certain pellucid quality in Rossini's "La Danza" and a sense of the tonal and metric loveliness of Strauss in "Zueignung".

"L'Heure Silencieuse", evoked from the singer a real tendresse, and in the Indian version of "Down the Stream" Miss Anderson achieved a quietude definitely consonant with the mood of the song. If we felt that the Verdi aria should not have been attempted in the space allotted, that is not a criticism either of the club or of Miss Anderson's ability to sing it. It is only a comment on an unavoidable limitation.

In her lively pieces, as the "Heffle Cuckoo Fair" the pleasant personality of the singer came to the fore. Mrs. James K. Lynch arranged the program and Mrs. Helen Berryhill was at the piano.

SAN CLEMENTE DAM RODEO NOW IN THE MAKING

The Big Annual Rodeo at San Clemente Dam is in the making again. It is scheduled for April 18 and it is also safe to say, that the populace from hither and yon will be on the rail fences looking on, to the number of considerable thousands. Henry Stohl, as usual, is running the thing, and it is promised that this year there will be an extra number of entries of cowboys and cowgirls to thrill the spectators.

Martha Graham Is Here Tomorrow

Martha Graham and her famous Dance Group of 12 American girls dance in the Sunset Auditorium this Saturday evening, April 10. The program includes solo dances by Martha Graham and dances of the ensemble.

There will be a "Dance of Salu-



tation" by Martha Graham followed by "Dance of Sorrow" and then "Dance of Rejoicing" by the Group. "Frontier", an American perspective of the plains, is fourth on the program, and the first half ends with "Primitive Mysteries" by Martha Graham and Dance Group. "Imperial Gesture", "Satyrical Festival Song", (with music by Irene Weismann), "American Provincials" and "Four Casual Developments" by the Group or soloists from out the Group come next. The program closes with "Course", described as "One in Red", Martha Graham; "Two in Blue", Dorothy Bird, Sophie Maslow; "Three in Green", Bonnie Bird, Marie Marchowsky, May O'Donnell; "Two in Red", Anita Alvarez, Anna Sokolow, and Dance Group.

John Martin, dance critic for the New York Times, described the dance, "Course", as follows: "From the first entrance of the solo figure and the group with its onrush, there is maintained a flow of swift and brilliant movement, which, in spite of its variations, never pauses an instant. The 'Course' of the title is apparently the scene of a series of games or contests."

H. T. Parker in the more conservative Boston Transcript, writes: "A marvel of technical resource, bodily energy and rhythmic verve, released as an outlet to mental and spiritual exhilaration, flowing faster and beating higher. No less cause for wonder and admiration was the modern dance become humorous, sportive and plastic in the intensity of a young troupe energized from within outward."

The Martha Graham Dance Group is a Denny-Watrous attraction.

The John M. Dickinsons gave a party at the Normandy Inn Saturday night, honoring the birthdays of Ralph Skene and Mrs. J. H. Payne, as well as the presence of a house guest, Mrs. E. R. Tutt of San Francisco. The guests, aside from these, were Rear Admiral and J. S. McKean, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Yerxa of Santa Rosa and Mrs. Skene.

Don Blanding Is To Clipper to Hawaii For Lei Day Celebration He Started

Back in 1928 Don Blanding had an idea.

As a result of it, he will board the Clipper Ship at San Francisco on either April 14 or 21 and depart for Honolulu.

He will have dinner by the Golden Gate and eat papaya for breakfast in the theoretical shadow of Diamond Head.

He will return to Hawaii for the purpose of engineering a proper observance of Lei Day which falls on what we call May Day.

He has a right to do this, and the Hawaii Tourist Bureau is perfectly justified in (we wish he would teach Thelma Miller how to spell ukulele) providing Clipper Ship transportation for him so to do, because back in 1928, as we have noted, he originated the idea.

According to Blanding, as he told it while we leaned over the improvised parapet around the floor con-

struction of Fred and Clara Leidig's new building, the while I told him Myron Brinig's suggestion for a name for Mabel Dodge Luhan's recent book, he thought and thought and thought what could be done in Hawaii toward having a celebration for everybody in Hawaii—Hawaii Nei, as we Polynesians have it. There was Kamehameha Day for the Hawaiians, Mikado's Birthday for the Japanese, New Year's for the Chinese, Yom Kippur for the Jews, Fourth of July for the Yankees and Christmas for the Christians, but no big annual celebration for Hawaiians, Japanese, Jews, Yankees and Christians and new arrivals at the Royal Hawaiian all at one and the same time.

So Blanding's mind worked and brought forth Lei Day on May Day and it's now heyday in Ha-way-ay.

He's going back this year to see that it is done proper-lay.

FORBES WATSON TO TALK HERE ON APRIL 27

Forbes Watson, editor in chief of the Treasury Art Projects, department of Painting and Sculpture, will give a lecture at Sunset Auditorium Tuesday evening, April 27. The subject of his address will be announced later.

Mr. Watson was art editor of a New York newspaper for many years and is one of the few authentic and much-quoted art critics in this country. He has kept well up with changes and growth in art thought and practice. Besides being the editor of the Bulletin, published by the Treasury Art Department, he is also on the advisory board of Editors of "The Magazine of Art", published in Washington, D. C.

Together with Edward Bruce he wrote and compiled "Art in Federal Buildings" which was recently published in Washington. The

book deals with and reproduces sketches for murals painted by artists in this country under the government patronage from the years 1935 to 1937.

Mr. Watson will lecture at the San Francisco Museum of Art on April 28.

Born, Sunday at the Monterey Community Hospital, one seven-pound, four-ounce daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel H. Burnette of Carmel. Maternal grandparent, Frank I. Bard of Dallas, Texas, and paternal grandparent, Mrs. Owen Burnette of Pacific Grove, are proudly joining with friends in congratulating the parents. Mr. Burnette is assistant manager of the Carmel branch of the Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank.

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DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Spring was in the air and Pootchie Deetjen wandered off from his home in The Point to keep a tryst with a lady-in-waiting. Pootchie neglected to tell his master, as he usually did, that he was going philandering. When Pootchie had been gone two days and nights, his master became worried and searched high and low for him—he was nowhere to be found. It was not until nearly a week had passed that the errant Pootchie was found, in a somewhat dilapidated state, at the home of his lady-in-waiting, a little fox terrier, down by the Mission. The prodigal was brought home and now once more graces the Deetjen fireside—but there is a longing in his eyes—and spring is in the air.

Part Moll, another young blade who heard the call of spring and wandered off in search of adventure has returned and is nursing wounds received on the field of honor. According to his master, Carl Moll, Part says that if he thinks he looks bad, he should see the other fellow.

Digger and Sonny Collins spent a hilarious evening last week trying to teach their master, Dick Collins, of Pebble Beach, the fine art of roller skating. After many ups and downs (mostly downs) the pair decided that Dick should stick to horseback riding where he would have four feet to depend on instead of two.

A reminiscence of the old days of Carmel is the way Bruno Curtis used to patrol Ocean Avenue. The shaggy old airedale was not belligerent himself, and never allowed a dog-fight on the street. As soon as he heard a fight in progress, he would dash up and leap into the midst of the mêlée, snapping at first one combatant and then the other, until he had driven off both of them. Bruno's greatest delight, however, was eating, and he would go around to everyone he knew and beg food until Mrs. Curtis, his owner, put a tag on his collar, reading: "Please don't feed me. I'm well fed at home."

Bruno's feminine counter-part of today is Miss Judy Bechdolt who patrols the Eighty Acres, where she lives with her owners, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bechdolt, breaking up cat fights. Judy, who is affectionately called "the Anteater" because of her long hair and general appearance, won't allow a cat fight in her territory, but jumps on top of the contestants at the first sound of serious action.

Comment: Chief Kneass says that he hopes the friends of the Underdog will make "Be Kind to Animals Week" an every week affair, instead of just one out of fifty-two. He visited the Shelter recently and found conditions there were not all they could be because of lack of finances. Chief says that the dollar paid as membership fee to the Humane Society would do a lot to help make things better for the poor unfortunates who are impounded—or your own pet who might be picked up while roaming.

Mrs. John Wilhoit of Stockton made a special trip to Carmel for the wedding of Mary Lou Parsons to Harold Davis last Saturday afternoon.

Carmel To Try To Aid Airport by Subscriptions

Although the Carmel city council Wednesday night debated whether or not the so-called anonymous contribution of \$1500 to the Monterey airport fund should reduce the pro-rata donation expected from the city, the individual councilmen are assumed to stand behind their announced support of public subscription to help the city pay its share.

Four of the councilmen signed a statement supporting a public subscription plan. Backed by this support, a committee consisting of Byington Ford, Shelburn Robison and Herman Crossman was named to help raise Carmel's quota. It is announced that donations to the fund may be left with the Carmel Realty Company on Ocean avenue.

The letter, signed by four members of the city council, is as follows:

Editor, The Cymbal.

We feel that the nearly completed Monterey Peninsula Airport will be beneficial to Carmel and heartily endorse the project.

It is regretted that emergency expenditures prevent a contribution by the City of Carmel as a municipality, but we favor raising the needed sum by public subscription.

(Signed) Everett Smith
James H. Thoburn
Clara N. Kellogg
Bernard Rowntree

April 5, 1937

(Councilman Joseph Burge was unable to sign the above letter because of absence from town. Before his departure he agreed to allow his name to be used as favoring the substance of the communication above.)

A handicap polo tournament, sponsored by the Douglas School, will be held at the Del Monte Polo Fields tomorrow. The meet, which is for the Junior Scholastic tournament honors, is held under the auspices of the United States Women's Polo Association. The different clubs taking part include the Berkeley Polo Club, Capital Chukateers, Pasatiempo Polo Club, Pogonip Polo Club, Sacramento, San Jose, San Francisco and Douglas Polo Clubs.



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"Undisfigured by moderation, and unmarred with probability, and free from all sorts of reticence"—James Cabell's fine, fictitious land of "Branlon" in his latest book. Might this description be mildly applicable to some phases of our own little Utopia?

We felt definitely and depressingly relegated to an older and presumably wiser generation when we saw Bill McAdams' littlest sister dancing, with consummate skill and distinction, at Del Monte Friday night.

Both Scovic and those fine, far rolling acres of his needed a fair chatelaine. We think it both good and noteworthy news that the marital noose has finally entangled the long-resistant baron of the foothills.

Saw Mabel Dodge Luhan's Indian, a mass of picturesque avoirdupois and pigment, floating down Ocean avenue under full sail, colors and pigtailed unfurled.

Also the ever-magnificent Frank Townsend back from skiing in Yosemite, glowing with the smartest of winter's tans, and the unbridled enthusiasm of a travel blurb.

Dignity prevails Sunday night at the Lodge. Dignity and a spirit of nostalgic exhumation of things past which has so exceeded proper bounds as a result in the rendering, by the orchestra, of the "Merry Widow" and the "Champagne Waltz". This atmosphere leaves us a bit unmoved and rebellious, as we were never precocious as a child, and have practically no romantic memories or happy associations prior to the age of three years.

Strange are the effects and consequences of this vernal Spring: Renaissance, re-birth and reformation travel hand in hand. Ernie, mixing maestro at Whitney's, tells us that converts actually drank him out of Calao water over the weekend.

Henry Dickinson, the village pot-

ter, left for San Francisco Friday night, well equipped with his fiery new Ford, pots to sell, and an open-minded receptiveness to adventures in store. Some one of these projects has evidently proven quite arrestingly interesting as, at the present writing, he has not yet returned.

George Aucourt has forsaken the beaches and is spending a great deal of his time helping the workmen move his house back from the street preparatory to building new stores on the site. Bill McAdams, also, frequently graces the scene with arms folded, in what we surmised must be a valuable, though purely advisory, capacity.

Let it be known to all and sundry that our editor is a stony-hearted wretch who keeps us indoors writing unmitigated drivel on a lovely, sunshiny day when we would do better to go about the business of acquiring our fine summer tan, which we now regard as not only a pleasure but a duty; vague rumors having reached us that, due to our pale, wintry pigmentation, it is now being said about town that we have a few drops of white blood.

This, to quote our above-mentioned lord and master (whom we secretly love devotedly despite his slave-driving propensities) is not only slander or "spoken libel", but is now libel or "printed slander".

—Lissy Ley

The connection between the Upper and Lower Stockton roads from old Elk Grove Junction westerly for two and one-half miles to the Franklin-Thornton road is being widened and graveled, reports the Sacramento Office of the National Automobile Club.

MRS. EMMA F. CLARK, WIDOW OF JUDGE CLARK, DIES

A resident of Carmel for 31 years, Mrs. Emma F. Clark, 83, died last Saturday. Mrs. Clark was the widow of Judge Charles Clark whose death took place in January. Mrs. Clark was active in community affairs until the last few years of her life. Funeral services were held at All Saints Church which she and her husband helped found when they first came to the village. The Rev. Austin B. Chinn, retiring rector, conducted the service.

Mrs. Clark leaves a daughter, Margaret, of Carmel, and three sons, Charles Edgar Clark of Memphis, Tennessee; Jefferson Davis Clark of Jackson, Mississippi, and Benjamin Palmer Clark of Austin, Texas. There are seven grandchildren.



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Personalities & Personals

Mrs. Ray Gross and Mrs. Ira Church have closed their Pacific Grove home and are staying for a while at La Playa.

Ross Burton, who labored for THE CYMBAL two months ago and then went south to take part, one way or the other, in the Douglas Airplane strike, dropped in on us the past week on his way to San Francisco. Ross has Horace Greeley ambitions. May he beat a mean typewriter.

Bill Kneass left Wednesday for a trip down into the Big Sur country. He will drive as far as possible on the Palo Colorado Canyon road and then take a five hour pack trip to reach his destination. Bill expects to be back sometime Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Reynolds of Carmel and Mr. Reynolds' brother and sister-in-law have been enjoying the sights along the Redwood Highway. They expect to be back early next week.

Carmel had many distinguished visitors last week and not the least among them were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Barnes of Evanston, Illinois, close friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hal Garrett.

Mrs. Barnes was at one time accompanist to Richard Crooks who was heard recently in Carmel and also to Christine Miller and many other singers of note. She has been official pianist for the St. Paul Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Barnes is a lecturer and composer and a concert organist and is also the author of "The Contemporary American Organ". He and his wife are now on a concert tour of the United States.

Four murals for the Santa Cruz Post Office, the work of Henrietta Shore of Carmel, are on exhibit at Lial's Music Store in Monterey. The murals were commissioned by the Treasury Art Project, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C. The compositions are of four of the major industries of Santa Cruz County; fishing, mining, truck gardening and artichokes.

Dr. and Mrs. H. N. Yates and their daughter, Barbara, entertained at a dinner party last Sunday in honor of their houseguest, Paul Choteau. Mr. Choteau, besides being a professional violinist, holds the world's record in long distance swimming, and was a World War flyer. Guests at the dinner were Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Roper, Dr. and Mrs. Laurence Knox, Charles Friebie and Winsor Joselyn. After dining the group shared several hours of musical enjoyment.

New York papers report the marriage of Carroll L. Wilson, son of Mrs. Edna C. Wilson of Carmel and Louis W. Wilson of Rochester, New York, to Mary Bischoff, daughter of Mrs. Charles Bischoff of London. The ceremony took place in Chelsea Old Church in London.

Marian McMillan and Marymartha French recently visited at

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North Holm, the residence of Hope Thomas of Carmel. Hope's mother and sister, Faith, have just gone the first lap of their trip around the world.

With a dancing party in her home in Hatton Fields, Nancy Hollingsworth entertained a group of her friends last Saturday. Those who danced were Carol Bailey, Natalie Hatton, Suzanne McGraw, Jane Millis, Patty Lou Elliott, Patricia Hall, Jean Hollingsworth, Alan McConnell, Jimmy Thoburn, Warren Johnston, Emery La Valle, Spencer Kern, Eddie Garguilo, Bob Davis, Roger MacNeil and Franklyn Hayford.

That lovely head of hair and wide smile belonging to Hazel Watrous are back in the familiar chair at the Music Society office in Thoburn's Real Estate. We sat and talked for half a minute about the winter concert seasons both here and in San Jose. The San Jose season, under the management of Denny Watrous, was very successful and they are opening their series for 1937-38 with Yehudi Menuhin on October 22. Just put that down in your calendar if you keep one or we'll remind you of it later. Anyway, it's good to have Hazel back.

The banshee whirled up the chimney and the "little people" lurked around the corners last Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hurd Comstock while Susan Mott Porter told Irish folk stories to Max Hagemeier and a group of his friends. Those discernible in the dim candle-light before the fireplace were Babette DeMoe, Jane Millis, Patty Lou Elliott, Forde Frates, Patsy Hall, Joyce Whitcomb, Margo Coffin, Natalie Hatton, Ned and Bill Coffin, Eddie Garguilo, Bill Froli, Spencer Kern and Jimmy Thoburn.

A dinner-dance in the Ball Room of Hotel Del Monte was the occasion presented by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wehrhane of Carmel for the entertainment of friends. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitman, Major and Mrs. Chester A. Shephard, Mrs. Muriel Marsh, Marguerite Moll, Dr. Hugh Dormody and Frank Work.

Funeral services were held Monday for Miss Mary Louise Morrison. Miss Morrison, who was 74 years old, came to Carmel five years ago from Gloucester, Mass., where she was in the government service. Her death came quite suddenly.

Lynda Sargent-plied a group of friends with a delightful cup of tea at Marion Meredith, Ltd., in Carmel Valley last Saturday. Those caught sipping were Dorothea Bassett, Ethel Warren, Jessie Brown, Katherine Peterson, Virginia Scardigli and John and Mitzi.

Staying at La Ribera are Mr. and Mrs. Burr Towle of Westfield, New Jersey. Mrs. Towle is a cousin of Mrs. Julia Stohr of Carmel. Mrs. Dorothy Chapman Green gave a neighborhood tea in her honor last Monday afternoon.

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Carmel Told That United States Must Join With Other Nations To End Wars

E. Guy Talbot, regional director of the National Council for the Prevention of War, gave a concise and well-mannered account of Neutrality Legislation in America, at a luncheon meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club, at Pine Inn Monday.

Indicating our six basic policies, Talbot said of them; isolation, as old as Washington's Farewell Address, and the admonition to keep out of entangling alliances, has become outmoded by our graduation from the insignificance of the Thirteen Colonies, to a premier place in the world. Of the absolute national sovereignty into which the infant state was born, that, with the beginning of treaty making, that sovereignty died; that from a practical economic self-sufficiency, we had grown, willy-nilly, into the economic interdependence of today; that our primary article of faith, freedom of the seas, had died hard, but had most certainly died with the coming of the submarine; that the Monroe Doctrine, as narrowly interpreted throughout our national life, had gone with the recent pact made in South America, along with our sentimental attitude towards the Chinese Open Door; that our national god, the protective tariff, had finally turned on us and was having to be slain by reciprocal trade agreements, in the interests of our foreign commerce and that substitution of law for force as a method of settling disputes between nations was now beginning to come into its own. This aspect of our foreign policy was Mr. Talbot's special topic.

In this connection he mentioned the Jay treaty, made in London in 1794, as the first arbitration treaty on historical record, citing America as the real instigator of the contemporary method of conference procedure.

Enumerating diplomacy, mediation, conciliation, arbitration and adjudication as the five peaceful substitutes for war, Mr. Talbot led into his subject, neutrality legislation. The McReynolds House Bill and the Pittman Senate Bill having passed and being now in Committee, Mr. Talbot hopes a measure will evolve which will strengthen both bills and not emasculate them beyond recognition. He described the McReynolds Bill as leaving, in his opinion, a little too much discretion to the President in the matter of what should and what should not be considered war materials; not that, he said, this comment contained any criticism of the present administration but that, if enacted into law, the way would be left open for presidents to make too diverse interpretations. The Pittman Bill, making mandatory restrictions on the export of munitions and loans and credits—the cash and carry bill—has rather more of Mr. Talbot's personal sympathy.

The crux of the whole matter, as

made very clear by the speaker, is the education of public opinion to realize that, whereas in former times, America could get on very well insisting on her rights, no nation can hope to keep out of war these days, without stressing its duties and responsibilities as a member of a conference of nations, as against insisting on isolated and untenable "rights"—rights which do not, in fact, exist.

In this connection, Mr. Talbot quoted from an article written by Rear Admiral Sims: "In a democracy where public opinion is the determining force, the President no matter how courageous and far-seeing, can accomplish little unless he has the support of the people. To this end, we, as a people must come to understand that peace is priceless; that it is worth any reasonable sacrifice of war profits; that a decent regard for humanity must be placed ahead of gold."

This successful and illuminating meeting was planned by Mrs. Lawrence Knox, head of the Current Events section of the club, with the essential aid of Mrs. Vera Peck Millis, whose vital activities in connection with the Mills College Institute of International Relations, are well known in Carmel.

THIS DOG STAYED TO WATCH OVER BODY OF HIS PLAYMATE

We got a little story this week which fits in very nicely with Be Kind to Animals Week and the work of the local Humane Society. It seems that a woman here in town, we don't know her name, was driving over the Pacific Grove cutoff and saw a dog standing guard over another dog who had obviously been killed or had died by the side of the road. The woman got out of her car and tried to approach the dog but he snarled and would not let her get near him. There was nothing to do so she went on. The next day she came by again and the same dog was still watching over his pal, and again her attempts to help were rebuffed. Finally, the third day came and the woman, realizing that the dog was going without food or water, went to the Humane Society. They responded with their ambulance. When they came up to the dog he raised his head and, comprehending that here was real help, walked to a distance, watched them load the dead animal and then quietly disappeared.

Classified Ads.

JOBS WANTED

DO YOU NEED A GIRL in your home—for housework, or taking care of children, or both—a strong, healthy girl of 19 who likes to work and is thorough and dependable? If you do, write to P. O. Box 334, Carmel, and you'll get her. (Anne didn't write this ad; The Cymbal wrote it for her; we were glad to write it for her.)

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

SAN ANTONIO HOME—A fine home with a wonderful view offered at a sacrifice price for quick sale. Is fully furnished and ready to move into. Contains living room, dining room, kitchen, 3 bedrooms with (1 shower and 1 tub) 2 baths, servants room with shower, one-car garage. Central heat. Patio. Lot 70 X 180. Could not be duplicated today for the price. See Coram Jackson, Carmel Realty Company, Ocean avenue. Phone 66.

FOR SALE—Two-bedroom house with five lots. Forty large trees. About three blocks from center of town. A good buy. Apply Fourth and Torres streets, Carmel. 1m

CARMEL WOODS LOT—99 X 115. In fine location with fine trees, both pines and oaks. Owner offers for \$850 for immediate sale. Nothing to compare with this site for the price. Carmel Realty Company, Ocean ave. Phone 66.

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HOUSES TO RENT

FOR RENT—House in Carmel Woods. Unobstructed view of Point Lobos and ocean. Four bedrooms, two baths. Double garage. Available April 8. Apply Fourth and Torres, Carmel.

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LOST—Kodak at Midway Point on 17-Mile Drive, Monday. Return to the Shell Service Station, San Carlos and 7th, Carmel. Reward.

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Owner now occupying it desires to sell for \$10,000.00. For full particulars inquire at Box 221 Carmel Cymbal office.

An unusually splendid opportunity for investment

Council Names Policeman To Take Place Of Guth

(Continued from Page One)

does not consider it the duty of the police.

"Yes," replied Burge, "and let me tell you something about Nixon. He was on the police force for four years and never made one arrest."

"That's a splendid record," replied Mrs. Bramer so quick-like that Burge fumbled—the whole council fumbled.

However, and nevertheless, by a unanimous vote Mr. Douglas A. Rogers, 25, 6 feet, 2, 190 pounds, and married, is now, or will be Monday, a member of the Carmel Police Department. His was the only written application for the job received, strange as it may seem, there being two oral ones made to Councilman Burge, so the latter said in reply to a query.

But in closing, we are forced to grant this Bassett person a paragraph to quote his remarks in the matter to the council. They followed Councilman Thoburn's remark that while he had been receiving complaints on the street about the size and cost of the police department no one seemed to be present to protest a new appointment and no communications of protest appeared to be on hand. He said that he would like to hear someone on the opposing side. Mr. Burge declared that this police opposition was all "paper talk"; that the statement that larger cities had smaller departments was all "paper talk"; that everything, in fact, was all "paper talk".

Bassett replied in part as follows:

"Information published by THE CYMBAL in regard to the police costs in other cities was provided by the city clerks of those cities. We assume that they were honest. As for Councilman Thoburn's remarks, they are well-taken and justified. Personally, as editor of THE CYMBAL, my original battle in the interests of the city was for reducing the police costs to provide for a paid fireman. We now have a paid fireman—two of them—and I am satisfied. The continued effort to keep the police department down to three men, as it is now, was prompted by the persistent complaints of persons who met me on the street and expressed their opposition to a larger force. If they are not willing and ready to appear before the council or to write to the council about it, that is their affair, and I have nothing more to say. I am satisfied with the paid firemen."

(No cheers.)

The motion to name Mr. Douglas A. Rogers to the police department was then moved by Councilman Rowntree, seconded by Burge and carried by unanimous vote just as though it were "Not I, But the Wind".

Editorially speaking, we hope the public likes it. We have it from Mrs. Miller that the elderly ladies do.

+

Dr. E. Guy Talbot spoke to an assembly composed of members of the sixth, seventh and eighth grades on the subject of world peace last Tuesday morning.

Teachers and students in the different classes are concentrating on putting their best foot forward for Public School Week April 26 to 30. Elaborate and pertinent mural decorations in the classrooms will summarize the year's achievements. The school is planning an open house and entertainment for parents and friends on the evening of April 27.

Abalone League Ready To Whack Spheroid Beginning Sunday With Many Old Stars in Line-Ups

They're at it again. The Abalone League, that institution which Byington Ford and Doc Staniford have insisted, and persist in maintaining, is an institution of Carmel, has gotten itself together and promises to wing the air for the regular spring season beginning this coming Sunday.

First practice games were held last Sunday on the Abalone Field up in Carmel Woods and many of the old-timers were on duty. There were plenty of youngsters, too, clamoring for positions on the teams, rendering the work of By Ford somewhat arduous and, in some cases, discriminatory as far as selections are concerned.

But By did his job reasonably well, one might say, and the line-ups for the teams are as follows, officially announced by Mr Ford himself:

TIGERS

P. Ivan Kelsey C
C. Geo. M. Whitcomb
1st. Joyce Whitcomb
2nd. Allen Lane
3rd. Gale Alderson
S. S. Harry Butts
L. F. Galen Alderson
C. F. Ban Handley
R. F. Jack Williamson
M. F. Ruth Smith
Subs

Dale Leidig
Gordon Campbell
Bruce Kendall
Norman Nuck

PILOTS

P. Rowey Henry
C. Otto Bardanson C
1st. Dawson
2nd. Arthur Hull
3rd. Floyd Harber

Ella Winter is in town this week, staying with the Hollisters and visiting her son, Pete. She will shortly return to her present home in Pasadena where she is engaged in writing articles for various magazines.

+

Miss Gertrude Field, manager of the Welfare Music School in San Francisco, will speak before the regular meeting of the Sunset Parent-Teachers' Association Tuesday, April 13, at 3 o'clock in the library of the school. Her subject will be "Music and Its Development of the Child".

+

State route 57, between the entrance of the Kern River canyon and Bodfish, suffered heavy damage through winter floods. The river flooded the highway to a depth of five feet at several places, tearing away embankments and roadway, according to information received by National Automobile Club from the Highway Department. The estimated cost of replacement of fills, roadway, etc., is \$25,000.

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MABEL LUHAN

(Continued from Page One)

and vigor of that experience itself." "I have tried," she said, "to put into the record of each encounter with life, the spirit of that encounter; to get back of subsequent philosophies and attitudes to the feeling of the time about which I am writing."

Mrs. Luhan's new book—"Edge of the Desert"—has been left behind in Taos for a friend to read and evaluate. It is still in manuscript and its author feels she is yet much too near it for any perspective. It should be of a quite especial interest, since it is of her first six months in Taos, her adjustment to the way of living on the edge of the desert; her sloughing off of many old values and the taking on of new and, in many ways, simpler ones.

"It even has a new vocabulary," she said, "It's a funny thing, but you will find that whole new vocabularies come with new phases and locales of living. For New York—well, a kind of Latinized way of de-

scription. In Paris—the aesthetic. And now, in Taos, a small and rather simple speech. I think I have a small vocabulary in this book."

The Luhans are going to rest here for a while. They love it.

"With a little age you become freer, and, of course, you understand better. Oh, you must meet both the Jefferies. So sympathetic, both of them. I feel that no human soul could go to Robinson Jeffers and not be deeply understood."

We feel the same about Mrs. Luhan. For the life of us, we can't remember what kind of person we had expected her to be. But no one is ever prepared for people of her clarity and simplicity. It may indicate something of the measure of these things in her that we didn't even carry a notebook, but that her exact words are faithfully with us. And that invaluable sense of her coming eagerly at least half the way to meet you which is, without any doubt, the meaning of her—the meaning of all people who find the world a constant beguilement.

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